



MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

NO. 51

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

10c



Build a Fine Business . . . Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket! HOME BUSINESS



*You Don't Invest a Cent!
I Furnish Everything Free!*

Want to have lots of money in your pocket - always? Then cash the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE! You don't need a partner ever ever! So if this highly profitable business option

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct selling man handling the quick-selling line of this 40-year old millionaire company you have a brilliant record because everybody who uses your line for selling to relatives, friends, neighbors. That will prove the fine quality McNamee-supplies refreshingly—money-saving, value-added, unequalled satisfaction! Then branch out on a big scale.

It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 115,000 point plus bags daily. Factory production.

These build up from Island to Island quickly, like a snowball. Reconsolidate, repeat orders and new customers build you a log income in a remarkably short time. We wouldn't name some of our big Blue Counselors make from \$8 to \$10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Sheets because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Famous soft exclusive Velour-She

Customs seems to be walking a fine pleasure-like "middle of air." Ten-second demonstrations between actual fall air and actual impact which caused

These splendid views bear witness Good
Historical Geography.



Velvetreez

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN
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END FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Fred Munroe, Sales Manager
Miner's Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. M-401

Please put a "Short Story Business" in my pocket book. It is a FREE and permanent tool. Especially helpful for those who are new to writing. I have been making Big Money with very little time.

Name _____

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Addressing the challenges of the new era of energy security

Team: - - - - -

11. *What is the best way to increase the number of people who use a particular service?*

March, 1865.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

The following advertising messages are fully identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC WARFARE A COMIC BOOK PREDATOR A CATHERINE AND CARRIE A FLIGHT AWARENESS
A GUNSMITH'S SECRET A HAMMER'S HAMMER A HOT HEAD AND TAKIN' CARE A LOST AND FOUND
MAGNETIC MANIA A MISTER LANE WESTERN A THE THUGS A VAMPIRE WESTERN
WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT
WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT
WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT A WALKABOUT

Every effort is made to insure that these comic messages represent the general spirit of wholesome entertainment.

ATOMIC
WARFARE

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

in

The EDGE of DOOM

YOU DIPPED YOUR
NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS
ONCE TOO OFTEN,
STRANGER... YOU'RE
ABOUT TO GET A
FISH-EYE VIEW OF
THE BOTTOM OF
STORM RIVER!



ON HIS WAY TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND, ROCKY
LANE HAD TO FORGO HIS REVENGE...

IF IT'S NOT KILLIN' YOU
WANT, MARCO, JUST SITTING
AT THAT TABLE IN FRONT OF
THE SCREEN AND I'LL
HASSLE UP SOME GRUB!



WHEN GENE RANDALL'S SON VANISHED
FROM THE CIRCUS, LUNCH BOXES LANE
AND SONS WERE TIED BY THE BELT OF A
DARK-LIGHT MURDERER FOR THE CIRCUS. NOW
GENE FOLLOWED THE KIDNAPPER, THE STORM
RIVER TO THE DEY OF THE DAY WAS
CALLED AN EAT-IT BACKSTAGE MARSHAL
SITTING IN AN UNTIE... AND FOUND HIMSELF
SITTING IN AN UNTIE FROM A FANTASY BARBERS!

I'M PICKIN' OUT
TO THE CIRCUS
TODAY, IS IT
FAR FROM
HERE?

NO MORE IN A HALF-MILE
DEE, STRANGERS! YOU JUST
FOLLOW STORM RIVER UP
COUNTRY A PIECE, AND THEN
THREE, SAY THIS GOOD
WHILE IT'S STILL SIZZLING!



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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



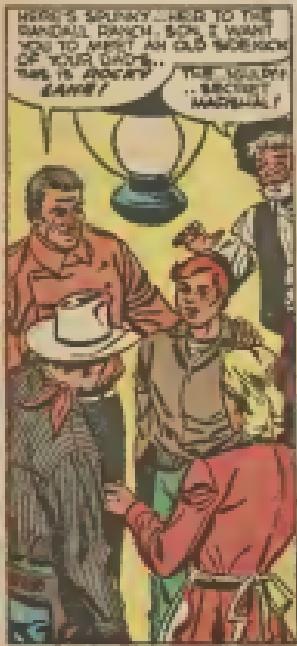
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE CIRCLE-J



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



LOOKS LIKE
YOU'VE BEEN
DOING BRIGHT
WELL, HERE
DAINTY A FINE
EXCUSE... A
SWELL KID.

THAT'S
HIGHER PLACE
ON QUADRUPLE
MAP, AND
WONDROUS
WHERE DO YOU
SUPPOSE THOSE
TWO ARE ALWAYS
BURNING? YOU LIKES IT
OH WELL... NOTCHES
TO WORRY ABOUT
IT PREHIS?



THE BOY AND THE
MAN WHO PAINTED THE
PAINTED BRIDGE AND
JOHNSON
MADE THE IRISH CAFE FULL
ALONG A MASTIFF LIEUTENANT...



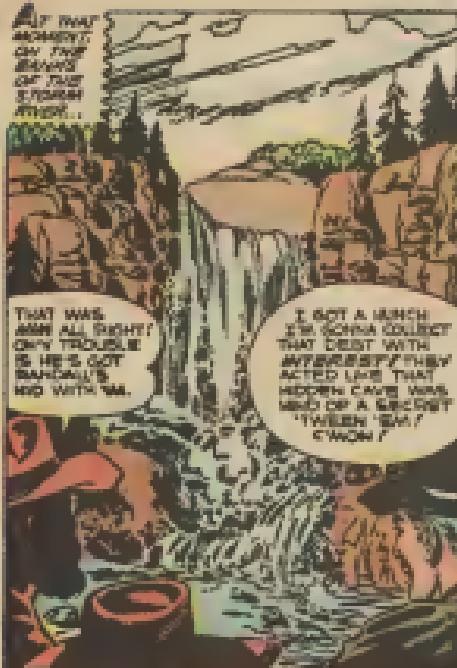
HURRY UP YOU PROMISED TO
TELL ME ALL ABOUT HOW YOU
CAPTURED
THE LAST OF
THE OUTLAWS
RENT TWICE
THE CANOE
HITCHES.



WALLY DAVIS:
IT'S ONE THING
HERE AND IT'S
ANOTHER OVER THERE.

J. J. SEE:
IT'S ONE THING
OUR SECRET
HIDING
PLACE /

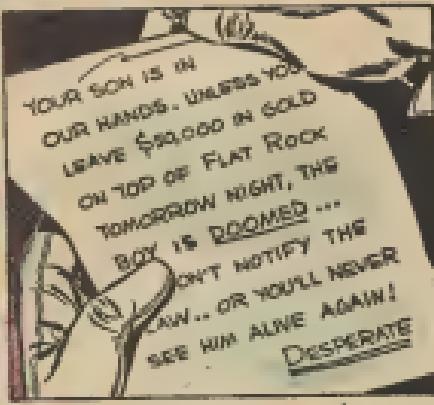
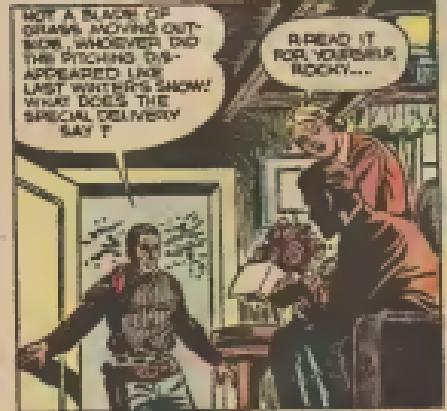
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



E-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SAVAGE ISN'T BACK YET! IT'S ALMOST DINNER-TIME ...

SOON AS JONES GETS BACK, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT SECRET HIDING PLACE IS LOCATED!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

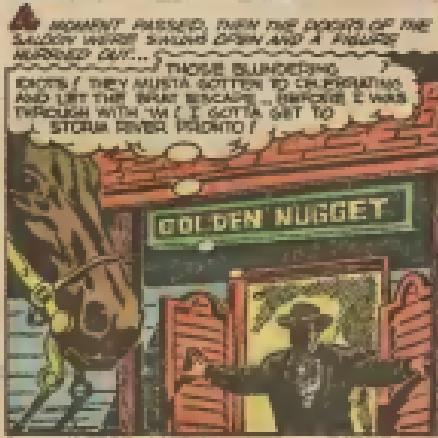


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THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE RANGERS WERE FEAR AND THE OCCUPANTS OF CIRCLE J WAITED BREATHLESSLY BUT VAINLY THERE WERE STILL NO SIGN OF BERTONI...



THEY'RE ONE BUNCH OF BURRARDS WHO MIGHTY THOUGHT SOMETHIN' TO FINISH THE JOB'S INTERFERED! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GIVE 'EM ON IT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



COMING BACK ABOVE THE
FALL, THE RIVER RUSHED ON,
PREPARED TO TAKE A DIFFERENT
CHANCE...



COMING DESPERATELY TO
THE LEDGE HE HAD
RAN UP, ROCKY HAD SWUNG
OVER THE TURBULENT FALL...



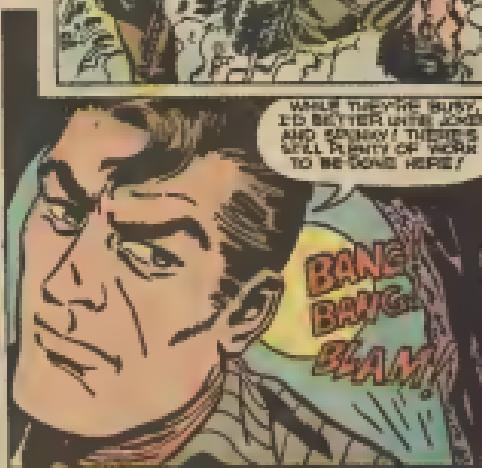
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

11

INFERNOUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE
MARMON LEDGE, THE ARABIAN HAS DROPPED
IN SEVEN FEET OF CRASHING DOWNS INTO THE
RAISING RODDENT BELLY / AND THE MARMON
PUSHED FORWARD FOR THE SPILL ...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WOLC, ROCKY
RESCUED THE
PRISONERS
AND CROONERS
MADE A
STARTLING
DISCOVERY



... AND AFTER HE DRILLED THEM THREE SIDE-
WAYS, HE FOUND THE RANSOM
MONEY IN DUGOUTS, BUNKHOUSES, CAVES, THE
GOLDEN MUSSEY! DUDE PLANNED TO GIVE
ANOTHER NOTE, COLLECT MORE
GOLD, THEN KILL SPURKY AND ME!



SPURKY IS PLUMB TUCKERED
OUT. IT'S THE
FIRST SECRET-
MEN HE'S
EVER HAD! &
HE'S GETTING
A WOMAN
BATH, THEN
TO BED!

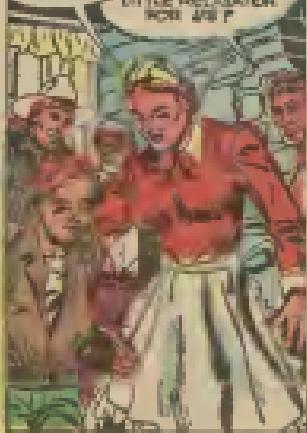
I-I CAN'T
THANK YOU
ENOUGH,
ROCKY, FOR
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE! / *Look!*
HOW ABOUT A
LITTLE RECOMPENCE
FOR ME?

YOU GENTS
INTERESTED
IN A FRIENDLY
GAMBLIN' SESH?
HOW ABOUT
TOMORROW?

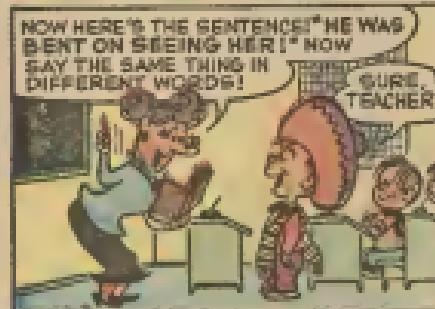
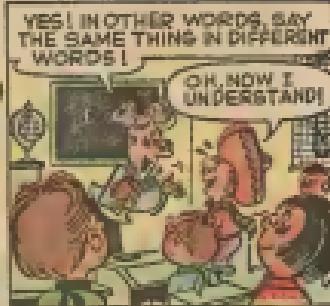
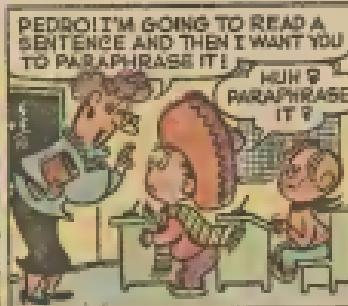
WELL, THANKS,
MR. RANDALL.
I GOT A
LITTLE WORK
TO FINISH
AROUND THE
BUNK HOUSE,
BUT I'D
NOT INTERFERE
WITH NO MONEY!

THAT'S FUNNY! I ALWAYS
THOUGHT JODER DARNED CAREIN
ON ME... I THOUGHT YOU'D
BE WAITIN' A HELL HOT
BATH TO
WORLD ALL
THAT DIRT
OFF YOU,
TODAY!

NOT ON YOUR
LIFE, DAVE!
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH WATER
FOR A LITTLE TIME
— AT LEAST TIL
TOMORROW, ANYWAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



TENDERFOOT TERROR

Around the breakfast table at the Bar T ranchhouse, a profound, if uneasy silence, reigned. Tex Coltrup, the ranch-boss, carefully put a mouthful of grits between his teeth and washed it down with a swig of hot coffee.

"Where is he?" he whispered. "Where's my cousin? It's quiet."

"Out in the washhouse," Red Turner, one of the ranch-hands, said. He sighed. "It's pretty quiet, like you said. I wonder how long the older's gonna last."

"Look, boss," Buck Wimmer, another ranch-hand broke in. "How much longer we gonna have to stand that cousin of yours from back East?"

"I dunno," Tex said. His look was hedged and uncertain. "If I'd known he was gonna be such a pain in the neck, I'd never have invited him out here for a rest cure."

"Rest cure?" Turner snorted. "It ain't him that needs a rest cure. It's us! He ain't rested a minute since he got here last week."

Bill Farnum, who ran the chuck-wagon, grunted.

"Claims he knows just about everything!" he mumbled. "Come over to show me how to braise my steaks better. And, by thunderation, his way WAS better!"

"Concerned tenderfoot!" Buck Wimmer snarled. "Trouble with your cousin, here, is he's got too much education from back East and he wants everybody to know it!"

"Yeah," Red Turner broke in. "He was around yesterday tryin' to show me how to work the cream separator better; claimed he knew how to be a guy back East. Said we were doin' it old-fashioned. Why, heck, my way works okay!"

"I'll bet he worked better," Tex said gloomily.

Bud nodded, even more gloomily.

"Tex, I bet your cousin had to come out just when we started havin' trouble with Dede Salt. Dede Salt's a tough enough hombre to handle, but Charlie Coltrup's just about too much."

"Now take it easy, take it easy," Tex interrupted hastily. "Give him a chance. He's a tenderfoot dude, but I guess we all were once. We learned. I reckon he will."

The kitchen door opened, and Charlie Coltrup came in. He had a look of reprobation on his face.

"Now Tex," he began. "You oughtn't to let your hands use that old laundry-soap-and-sugar mixture on our boils. Why, you folks out here are practically back in the Middle Ages. Don't you know there are modern scientific preparations to handle cattle conditions like that? Why that mixture's likely to cause a cattle rash."

"Good enough for me, I reckon it's good enough for the cattle," Tex muttered beneath his breath. "Well," he spoke out aloud, "it's caused no rashes yet and never did."

"And all this old-fashioned equipment you have 'round here," his cousin continued smoothly, as he popped a pill into his mouth. "Why, that gas water heater you've got out in the wash-house must be fifty years old! And the water tastes like a milkman's glaze!"

"Still makes my shovin' water foot!" Red mumbled.

Abruptly, the kitchen door burst open again. In the opening stood ranch-hand Sam Farnum.

"Steers stampeding in the south pasture!" he cried.

"Dede Salt's work!" Tex cried, jumping up and upsetting his coffee. "Let's go!"

"Now you wait a minute," Charlie Coltrup interrupted. "All I've heard about since I come here is Dede Salt and what a bad egg he is."

"Well, he is!" Tex roared. "Our herds are bigger and better than his, and our meat-on-the-hoof cuts him out at cattle market. So he's tryin' to make trouble for us and delay our round-ups."

"I'm sure that if you speak to him in a friendly way, he'd be able to see your side of the matter," Charlie Coltrup said reluctantly.

"Charlie . . . I" Tex Coltrup's voice was like a stone. "You keep away from Dede Salt! I'm warnin' you! Why, he'd take you apart like a cooked chicken!"

"Nononsense!" Charlie replied hotly. "Just because it's the custom to settle squabbles out here by force, you never think they can

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

be faced up any other way."

"Charlie," Tex said softly. "Don't go off half-cocked. Out here in the West it ain't safe to even move until you've got everything figured out."

A breeze blew past Charlie Cattrop as Tex and all the ranch-hands grabbed their ten-gallon hats and high-tailed it for the horse corral. A pounding of hoofs sounded past the ranch-house a moment later.

Charlie sauntered outside, watching the last of the mounted men disappear over a rise.

"Hnnnnnnnn," he moaned. "They'll be busy chasing those cattle for over an hour. In the meantime I'll have just enough time to go see Dode Salt and settle this ridiculous business."

Down at the horse corral he saddled the horse Tex had loaned him and rode up the creek toward the Curved K Ranch of Dode Salt's. Tex had warned him of the rattlers hunting the creek, but he decided they wouldn't put in an appearance in full sunlight.

"Whew!" The cry was jolted from his lips.

Almost his horse reared, whinnying. Glancing down as he went up into the air, he saw a rattler squarely in his path, crawling out from under a sage on the creek bank. For the space of two seconds he felt himself going off backwards, then his wildly throbbing hands caught on the saddlehorn. The horse's mane lashed back and the corvus leaped ahead, over the sage, in a mad dash along the creek. He remembered suddenly he'd have to run off about a half-mile further on and cross a rise to get to the Curved K ranch-house, but it was far past that point when he began to get some control of the horse. Pulling back sharply on the reins, he brought the animal to a halt in the shadow of an immense boulder. Breathing heavily, he got off to rest and looked around. Some stray steers and cows of Tex's north herd were coming toward the creek.

"Roach, stronger!" a voice behind him barked.

Whirling, he saw a man coming toward him behind the boulder, carrying a big metal container. His free hand held a gun.

"Now look here, friend," Charlie began amiably. "I'm Tex Cattrop's cousin, and . . ."

"What?" the other growled menacingly. Dropping the container, his hands tightened on his gun, and he advanced, Charlie backing away in alarm. "Tex Cattrop's cousin, hey? Why you concerned spy I'll . . ."

Charlie's hands shot up suddenly, as his

right heel connected with a rock. He tried desperately to keep his balance, teetered uncertainly for a few seconds, then went down backwards with a jolt. Under him he felt a long, slim body twitch. Then the rattler, on whose tail he'd fallen, whipped from underneath the rock and reared its head to strike. The other passed, scylling grimly.

"Why waste a bullet with a rattler around?" he grunted.

The gleaming fangs flashed down, but Charlie gripped his head and they slipped him only lightly on the sleeve. Almost instantly, he could feel his throat constricting, swelling. With such a tight bite it wasn't poison, in the blood he had to fear, but the swelling of his windpipe. He would strangle. Already he felt his breath going. Consciousness began fading. Again he saw the rattler raise its head to strike. He knew he would die, now, as far away from modern medicine. Nothing could save him. Then, just before he blacked out, two thunderous roars hammered in his ears.

He woke to find Tex Cattrop bending over him anxiously. To one side lay the animal, its head gone. And some distance away, on the ground, the man lay cursing helplessly, badly wounded.

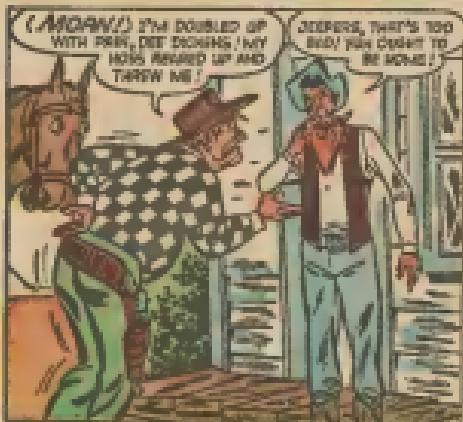
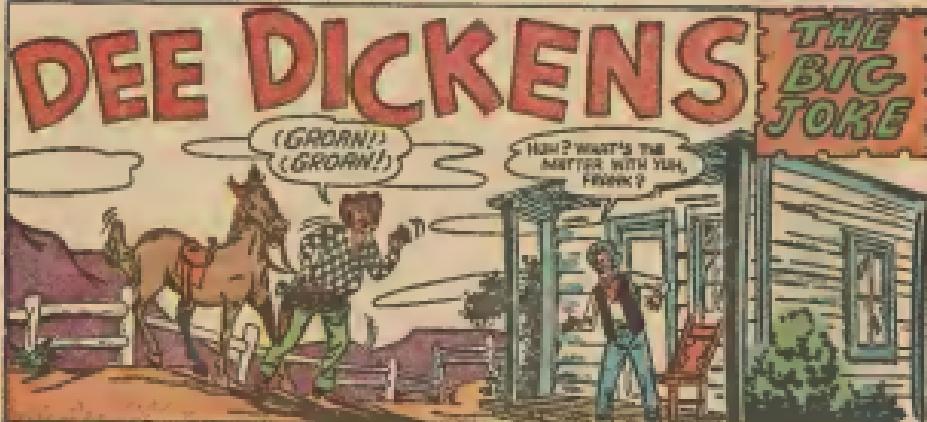
"Told you not to go off half-cocked," Tex said. "That's Dode Salt. It took us awhile to figure out what made the steers stampede, but your remark about the water healing had put me on the track. Dode had been puttin' large quantities of loco-weed juice into the creek-water, way upstream here. It can't hurt humans much unless they drink too much of it—and we didn't. But it drives cattle wild. So while the boys rounded up the stampede, I came on up here and snatched Dode Salt while he was tryin' to escape with a hell-enough can of loco-weed juice! He fired first—but I got him."

"But—but the rattler . . . " Charlie broke in feebly.

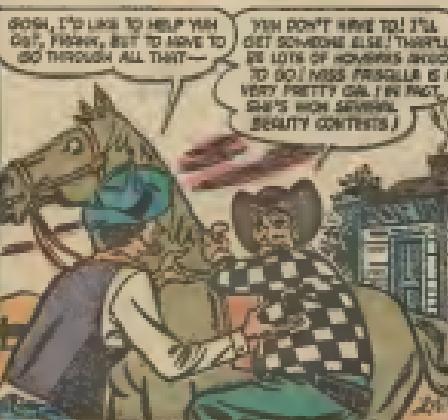
"That was my second shot," Tex said. "I snatched some of the poison out, but not enough." Then he smiled. "So, I tried a hundred-year-old remedy for snake-bite swelling we got out here—cocktail juice and milk. I got milk from a stray cow and mixed it right in your mouth with squeezed cocktail, and it worked. You started breathin' again. Of course, if you'd preferred I'd waited until I could get some modern medicine from the East, why . . ."

"H-h-h!" Charlie answered loudly. "If it was good enough a hundred years ago, it's good enough for me—now!"

THE END

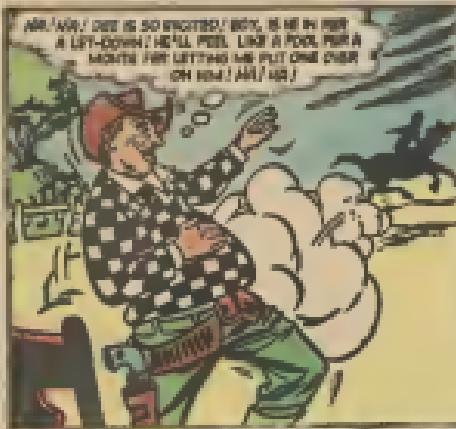


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AN' AN' AN' DIT IS SO FROTHY! BEEF, BEEF IN HER
A LIT'-COVEN! HE'LL FEEL LIKE A FOOL PERCHIN'
MOUNTS HER LITTLE THING WE PUT ONE OVER
ON HIM! AN' AN' AN'



I'LL WAIT HERE TILL HE COMES BACK WITH A SHARP
LOOK ON HIS FACE SO I CAN SAY HIM THE
HORSE LAUGH!



Our Products.

MONKEY, WHERE'S
THE CRIMINAL?  NO, HE'S NOT
AROUND!



—NOT ENOUGH
TO TELL THE T

“I'M ON A WORLD TOUR
COMING TO TORONTO WE HAD
TO RENT PER EQUUS
ONE—I SAW HE MEANT FUN
BUT I FORCED HIM INTO
A BODYPOLYANTHUS”



אנו, יהודים, מוסלמים!

卷之三



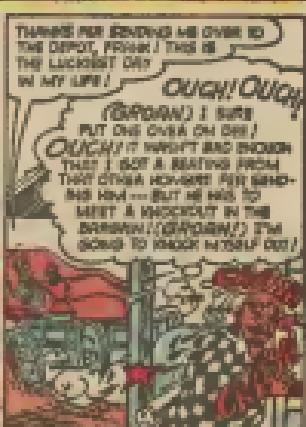
(GRRR!) WELL, I DON'T THINK IT
WAS SO FUNNY! I RODE TWENTY MILES
TO GET HIM JUST TO SEE HIM, AND
NOW HE'S GONE BECAUSE OF YOU!



"I HAD TO WAIT AROUND TILL HE
CAME BACK FROM MORE PRACTICAL JOBS;
ON ACCOUNT OF TIME, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE
THIS BEEP ALL OVER AGAIN!"



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPPING & RIDING

with

Allen Rocky Lane

AND BLACK JACK

HOOTY HOOOMPS.

I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT IT'S MIGHTY SWELL TO BE ROPIN' INTO YON CORRAL AGAIN.

THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WAS RIDIN' DOWN TOWARD PECCO I SAW SOMETHIN' I THINK YOU GUYS GOTTEN TO HEAR ABOUT. LEN POSTER, THE RANCHER'S SON, AND THREE OF HIS DAD'S COMPANIES WERE OUT THERE ON THE EDGES OF THE DESERT SHOOTIN' JACK-RABBITS. WELL, SIR, IT SEEMS THAT THE BOYS HAD MADE SOME SORT OF MARKSMANSHIP CONTEST OUT OF IT. THE FELLA THAT WON IT WAS TO GET HIMSELF A BRAND-NEW SADDLE. ONE OF THEM RANCH HANDS HAD A MIGHTY MELLOW EYE AND BAGGED MORE RABBITS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A WINCHESTER AT.

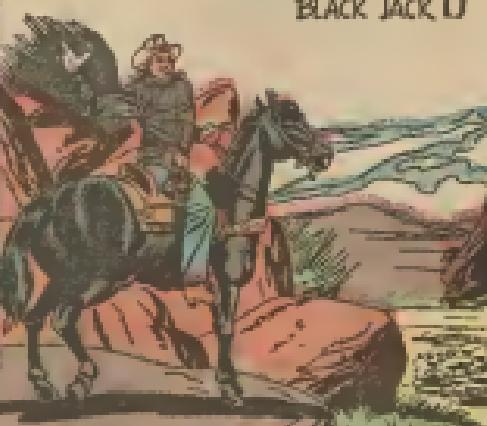
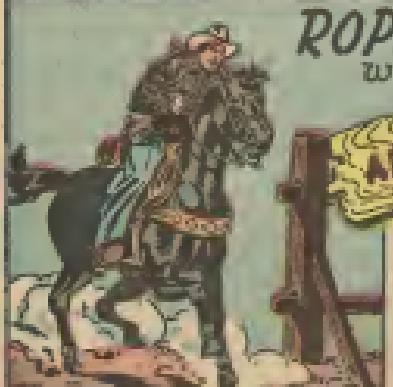
BUT YOUNG LEN, HE WAS BURNED UP, SAID THAT NO HIRED HAND COULD DO THAT TO HIM, SO HE QUIT ROPIN' THEM AND THERE AND RODE AWAY WITHOUT EVEN SETTLIN' UP FOR WHAT HE OWNED ON THE SADDLE.

FRIENDS, I CALL THAT MIGHTY POOR SPORTSMANSHIP. NO MATTER WHETHER IT'S SHOOTIN' JACK-RABBITS OR PLAYIN' IN AN ATHLETIC CONTEST, YOU GOT TO BE A GOOD LOSER AS WELL AS A GOOD WINNER. INSTEAD OF GETTIN' SURE THE THINGS TO DO IS TO COME BACK AND TRY ALL THE HARDER THE NEXT TIME. SO REMEMBER THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU GET IN A GAME WITH THE REST OF THE FELLAS.

WELL, BLACK JACK AND I WILL BE INSTEADIN' ALONG, SO SMOOTH RIDIN' 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

YOUR PALS,

Allen Rocky Lane
and
BLACK JACK U



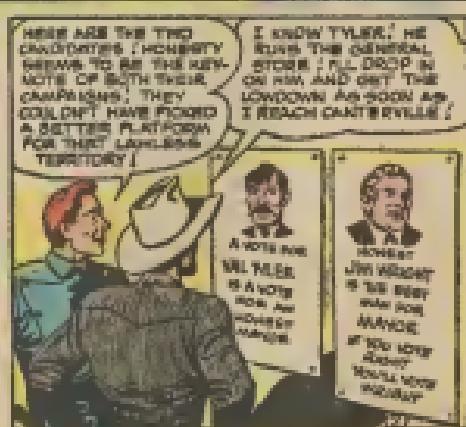
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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane ⁱⁿ "LAWLESS TERRITORY!"



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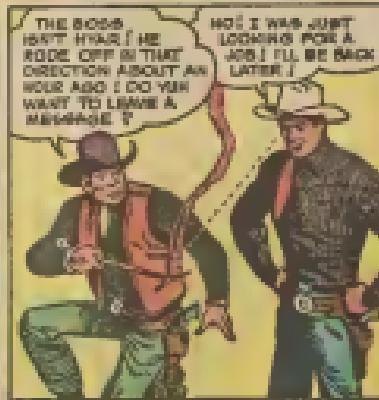


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YOU'RE RIGHT, MALL! PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU WERE TRYING TO GET THEM PRO AND WOULD BE INDUCED TO VOTE FOR WRIGHT MORE THAN EVER! HOWEVER --

MY JOB IS TO SEE THAT NOTHING UNEXPECTED INTERFERES WITH THIS ELECTION, SO I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH WRIGHT!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



I DON'T SEE WRIGHT, BUT I WONDER ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE. I SAW I DO YOU KNOW WHETHER WRIGHT BOUGHT ANY CATTLE BELONGING TO THE DOUBLE X OR THE BAR 60 RANCHES?

NO, BUT THE DOUBLE X AND THE BAR 60 WERE BOTH BUSTLED LAST NIGHT!

NO WONDER THAT JASPER CHWRIGHT'S LADY Y RANCH WAS SO PRETTY WHEN I CAME UP BEHIND HIM. HE WAS RE-BUSTLING THE CATTLE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WORLD AFTER—

HYAIS TONIGHT IS
TRUE FROM THE
GAMBLING CASINO,
BOSS!

ARE YOU SURE NO ONE SAW YOU
COMING HERE, BLACKHAWK? IT
WOULD RUIN EVERYTHING IF
ANYONE FOUND OUT BEFORE THE
ELECTION THAT I WAS REALLY
THE OWNER OF THE GAMBLING
CASINO!

NO ONE SAW ME, WRIGHT!
BUT THAT'S LEADS TO MONEY
ABOUT THEM CONNECTING
YOU WITH THE GAMBLING
CASINO THAN Tying YOU
UP WITH THE CATTLE
ROBBERIES!

NO ONE'LL EVER
GET WISE I'M
BEHIND THE
BARTENDER, PITCH
CHAMBERS! THE
BANDITS AS SOON
AS WE GET THEM
ON MY MARCH!



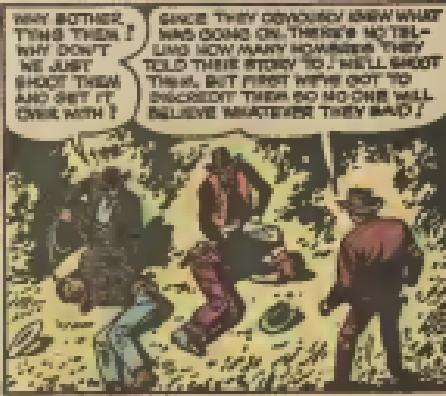
AT AT THAT MOMENT—

I HAD ENOUGH PICKED
THE RIGHT MOMENT
TO AVOID IT.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR
PATTADO YOURSELF ON
THE BACK, PITCH. LET'S
TE THEM OF BEFORE
THEY COME TO IT!

WHY BOTHER,
TIME THEM? I
WHY DON'T
WE JUST
SHOOT THEM
AND GET IT
OVER WITH IT?

SINCE THEY DISCOVERED WHAT
WAS GOING ON, THERE'S NOTTELLING
HOW MANY MOREMEN THEY
TELL THIS STORY TO. I'LL SHOOT
THEM, BUT FIRST I'LL GET OUT TO
PROTECT THEM. SO NO ONE WILL
BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HOW'RE YOU SONNA DO,
THAT, MIGHT I?

I'VE GOT AN IDEA,
PITCH I'LL TRAIL
ROADS ON THE BART-
HO CATTLE AND
LEAVE IT BEHIND.
THERE'S GENERAL
STORE !

BEHIND
THE
GENERAL
STORE ?

THAT'S RIGHT ! THEN
WE'LL SHOOT THE
TWO OF THEM AND
SAY THEY KILLED
EACH OTHER, WHEN
THE LAWMAN DAKED
SO THEY WOULD
BE SHOT !

THAT'S A GREAT
IDEA ! THAT'LL
LEAVE YOU IN
THE CLEAR...
AND WITH
REBUTTAL COMING
AGAINST 'EM,
YOU'RE SURE
TO ESCAPE
ARREST !

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS
THINKING ! NOW LET'S
GET THESE VULGARIS
INTO THE GENERAL
STORE ! IT'LL BE BETTER
IN TWENTY-FIVE FEET
DEAD THERE !



EARLIER ---

I'LL GOING TO HELP PITCH
GET THE BARTHO
CATTLE HOME ! AS
SOON AS WE RETURN,
YOU CAN HAVE THE
PLEASURE OF
SHOOTING THEM
BLACKMAILED !

IF HILL AND I ARE
GOING TO GET
OUT OF THIS ALIVE,
WE'LL HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING RAPID !



SHORTLY AFTER ---

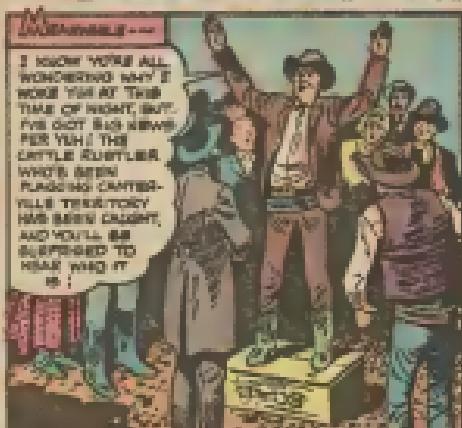
I CAN'T MAKE AN
ATTEMPT TO FREE
MYSELF ! THAT
GAMBLER HADN'T
TAKEN HIS EYES
OFF ME FOR A
SECOND ! AND
NOW...



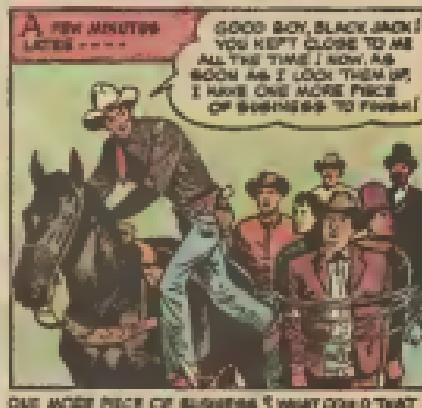
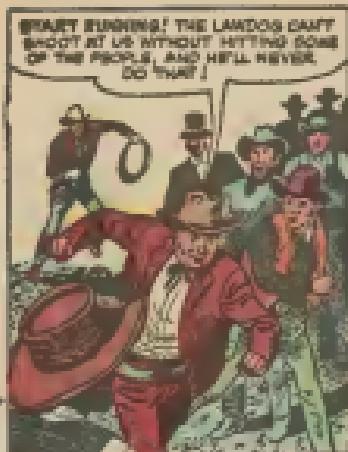
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



GIVEN - PREMIUMS or - Cash Commission - GIVEN

BE FIRST



BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

West Watch, Pocket Watch, 1800 West Elery Red Ryder Air Miles with case of shot, Guncare, 22 Cal. Rifles, Telescopes, Badges, Movie Machines, Record Players and postage paid. Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now early year. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and cuts sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box with picture and retail amount added with postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 8th year. Write or mail coupon today. Act now. Be first. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. A-20, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

GIVEN PREMIUMS CASH GIVEN

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BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

Be First

Act Now

250. YEAR



WE ARE RELIABLE

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

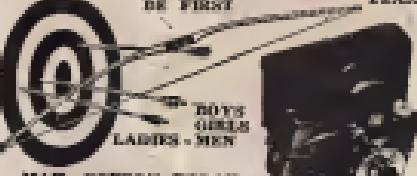
Anthony Bell, Russell Bell, Converse, Standard Oil, Standard Oil Co., Standard, University, Penn, Mexico, Paul Chappell, Standard, 250. year postage paid, Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now early year. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box with picture and retail amount added with postage paid by us. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-20, Tyrone, Pa.

BE FIRST

250. YEAR

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

MAIL COUPON TODAY



SEND NO MONEY NOW

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ACT NOW

Boys-Girls-Ladies-Men



ACT NOW

MAIL COUPON

250. YEAR

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BE

FIRST

WATCHES



SEND NO MONEY NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-20, Tyrone, Pa. Converse—Please send me an 18th Century valentine art picture and four boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE (enough to fill a box with postage). I will return address of envelope, name a place or town, and telephone or telegraph address under Premium wanted in return mail with my return postage paid by you.

NAME: AGE:

ST. ZIP CODE:

TOWN: STATE:

TELE.

NAME: STATE:



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THE TEEN TITANS

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